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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

LITERATURE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.*

THE GERMAN QUARTERLY REVIEW—SWISS INFLUENCE UPON GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE German Quarterly Review has enjoyed a flourishing existence of some thirteen years, and in so far follows up the plan of its periodical compeers of France and England, that it discusses questions of national, local, and cosmopolitan interest, and extends its researches to every department of science, politics, and literature.

In the present number, we have before us an interesting article upon Switzerland, viewed in its intellectual bearing upon German Literature, from the time it emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages up to the present period. The unrestrained freedom of mountain life, the scenery and home associations so peculiar to the Swiss, the strong national bias and attachment to patriarchal institutions, seem to have exerted a healthy action upon the Helvetic intellect in every past century of its existence; and this robustness of mental character operated in a very favorable manner upon the German mind. At various periods the German muse, personified by some of the greatest names she has left us, made repeated pilgrimages to Switzerland to imbibe from its Castalian fountain fresh inspiration; to take home new stores of thought, after wandering amid rugged Alpine scenery, beautiful lakes and waterfalls; becoming familiar with an intellectual and hardy people, and studying their lives and habits as the groundwork of a poetical idea.

It is somewhat mysterious, even to German investigation, how the Swiss intellectual and poetical element operated so vividly upon the minds and fancy of the German writers; but such is the fact, as it stands recorded in some of their most brilliant productions. It must be observed, however, that Swiss impressions and associations have been purely realistic in the awaking and excitation of German thought; the purely ideal in these regions gives place to the sensuous, the fanciful to the practical—and it was by the addition of this element to an overabundant idealism, that the German imagination received a chastening improvement.

A strong relief is imparted to the Swiss character in the variety of its dialects, and the remarkable intonation of sounds peculiar to them. These strongly marked sounds seem to have been called forth by the circumstances and exigencies of mountain life and habits; "the lonely cowherd sitting in solitude far off upon some peak, the boatman alone upon his quiet lake, often found themselves forced to let their voices be heard by some distant companion; hence originated those full-toned sounds and the hard K sound which often fall unpleasantly upon the ear of the foreigner, though evidently a product of mountain localities, and peculiar to the inhabitants of the Alpine regions, both of the Tyrol and Switzerland.

"In the tones of the echo, as it is repeated from cliff to cliff, we recognise an interminable melody, and it is to the reaction of this upon the Swiss temperament that we must ascribe the song-like accent, the melodious

guttural of the Swiss dialect, the echo-like modulations of voice."

The very remarkable and striking scenery of this country excites the most opposite emotions in the mind, descending from awe and wonder down to a soft and passive emotion, as we exchange the rugged Alpine heights for the peaceful valley and quiet hamlet; and these strong contrasts operate deeply upon the national feeling and literature.

These contrasting emotions have exerted a formative influence upon the dialect, and the traveller who passes from the mountain elevations to the quiet and cultivated plain is forcibly struck with the manner in which life and habits react upon the language.

The Swiss, inured to the hardest exercises, breathing a mountain air which has always a most salutary influence on bodily and mental development, and untrammelled by the restrictions of political despotism, is filled with lively, energetic, and practical thoughts, and how this national characteristic supplied a continual aliment to Germany, we shall see in a sketch of its Helvetic writers.

We perceive the first glimmering of literature rising out of the cloister of St. Gall, in the form of some sacred hymns; this was in the time of the Merovingians, during the seventh century.

The circumstance of those early efforts at writing being of a sacred character, cannot be imputed to the Swiss character as peculiar to it; for, about the same time, a monk named Rathert, of the same cloister, sang in heroic measure the deeds of Walther and Hildebrand.

"At a later period the earnestness of the Swiss character appeared in the fullest abundance of poetical bloom, under the garb of the Minnesong (erotic poetry), which flourished more luxuriantly here than it did in Germany. Even at the present day, may be seen some mouldering ruins of the castle of Manegg standing among romantic woods, and commanding a view of the lake of Zurich, where in former times the bards, whom the hospitality of the Knight of Manegg drew thither, recounted their legends to the melody of harp and song." The great fertility and productiveness of the Minnesong spread throughout Germany, creating, even at that early period, a species of literature which is generally regarded as a transition state from the gloom and mental inanity of the feudal ages to the light of the modern era. Switzerland was a genial soil for the Minnesong, for, springing up as it did from a monotonous temperament, it evinced that absence of a mixed and inventive fancy which we note at the present day as characteristic of the Swiss. In this species of song, the healthy Swiss tone of thought predominated, a heartiness of feeling never wanting in the Swiss character. As feudalism became merged in the modern forms of civism, the days of Minnesong changed to those of a prosaic tendency.

No species of poetry, of a popular growth, disclosed itself in Switzerland until her confederation was established. It was then that the struggle between the towns and provinces on the one hand, and the nobility on the other, took place, and in the springing up of new political relations, a species of literature rose out of them, political and practical in its tendency.

In addition to this, the struggle with Austria furnished themes for epic composition, in

which such names appear as Halb Suter, Veit Weber, Hans Viol, and Mattheus Zeller, the latter singing the Burgundian wars.

A certain Franciscan monk named Berthold ranked high in prose; he was withal a great orator, and required large open fields for the display of his eloquence. "About this period numerous authors distinguished themselves in the department of prose writing, but this epoch being followed by the Reformation and Thirty Years' War, a check was given to further literary progress, which was felt for nearly two centuries. Among other causes contributing to this change, we must reckon the influence of the northern German dialect, introduced into Switzerland by Luther's translation of the Bible. It was on this account that Swiss literature found its most vital nerve severed, and it required a long time before it could again rally and occupy its wonted high position in German literature.

"The unimaginativeness and puritanism of Zwinglius and Calvin, favoring, as they also did in England and Scotland, the republican principle, tended at the same time to restrain the growth of literary culture.

"To these causes we must further add the animosities arising among the various sects of the Augsburg and reformed confession, unfortunately termed the Helvetic, which placed an additional barrier to German literary intercourse, and up to the earlier part of the eighteenth century little interchange of feeling occurred between the two countries. Germany had as yet assumed no nationality in literature, and with a false taste held up to imitation foreign conventionality and manners.

"Even previous to Bodmer and Breitinger, Haller, and the literary circle assembled around the Basil clergyman, Buxtorf, gave the first impulse to a regeneration of our poetry. These men saw in perspective what turn our literature was to take, and what it then needed.

"In Haller it was the sensuous—descriptive, combined with a rugged earnestness of thought and character that operated so favorably upon us. Casting aside the coquetry of the Silesian school, he rose up to be the prominent representative of practical and didactic Swiss thought, showing, however, in common with his countrymen, a want of ideality in poetical conception and harmony of form."

To temper this realistic, sensuous element in Haller, and in Swiss ideas generally, Spreng, of Basil, and Drollinger opened a long dried-up fountain, an element of the Swiss mind, and one of its most redeeming traits—earnestness of feeling (*Gemüthskraft*).

Germany could find nothing congenial in the French *esprit* and in the stiff polish of the court literature of that period; and although she gave way to their influence in vain imitation, yet no favorable results could emanate from such a contrariety of national feeling and all absence of sympathy.

It was depth of feeling in writing that was wanting, and this made its appearance in Lower Saxony and Switzerland.

Spreng termed the heart the source of all poesy, and in so far seemed to understand the nature of its components better than it had for a long time been comprehended.

About this time Zurich became the seat of German criticism, where Bodmer and Breit-

* Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift. Juli—September, 1851. Stuttgart und Tübingen.

inger distinguished themselves by assuming a patriarchal command over it. To Swiss theoretic criticism, Germany owed much of its oriental, scriptural, and idyllic spirit at this period.

Bodmer and Breitinger aimed at the introduction of an influence of poetry upon the feelings of their countrymen, which might displace the formality of the French classics.

When Klopstock's Messiah appeared, however, Bodmer and Breitinger no longer enjoyed their preëminence as critics. In regard to that author and his performance, we must again observe, that Swiss soil gave birth to this new poetical progeny. Germany is indebted to Switzerland for her earliest instructions in poetry, in the light of art dwelling upon mere externality of description; it opened to the German mind the truth that all poetry is grounded upon nature, feeling, and fancy, and by affording these components, established for it a sure and independent province. Klopstock repaired to Zurich, as the metropolis and asylum of poesy, where opportunities were afforded him of cultivating his natural predilections, by intercourse with kindred genius; for Heinse relates that, during his Italian tour, returning through Zurich, he there met with no less than seven hundred literati. Zimmermann and Lavater come next in review, in enumerating the authors of this period; the former well known for his copious thoughts on a single theme, Solitude; the latter for his writings on physiognomy.

In Switzerland, posterity feels no sympathy for Zimmermann's emotions, finely as we see them expressed in his work on Solitude. Lavater on the contrary is remembered with enthusiasm, yet in his lifetime he was chiefly marked by the winning influence of his *personale*.

This magnetism was experienced by the youth, whom he attracted in circles of discipleship around him, enjoying his engaging intercourse. Even the great master himself, Goethe, felt this in no small degree, and was one of the warmest admirers of Lavater, whose friendship he cultivated by personal intercourse.

It pleased Goethe to hear the undertone of the Swiss dialect pervading his German accent; to regard the mildness of his countenance, and even the expression of his lips.

This genial inspiration of temperament (*Gemüths inspiration*) rested upon a female polarity,* and was seen to disclose itself in that remarkable physiognomy for which Lavater himself was personally distinguished.

To prepare and educate himself to be a "painter of men," he felt grateful for the influence which Lavater had exercised upon him.

In Zurich, even at the present day, Lavater's vivid eloquence is held in remembrance. It is related of him, that crowds poured forth to hear him preach, and even the roofs and windows of neighboring houses were thronged with hearers.

Although Lavater had, by personal intercourse and the direct influence of declamation, raised up a large circle of votaries throughout Germany in general, he could not

command the same interest in his writings; what his personal persuasion could effect, his literary efforts failed to do, as they were too much imbued with the Swiss realism to find general favor.

This, with a certain tinge of that sensuous mysticism, which the glens of Switzerland seemed to engender, rendered his productions uncongenial with the Dioscuri of Weimar.

The name of Lavater and its associations lead us to the subject of Goethe and the impressions Switzerland made upon him, even in his first visit to that country, in 1775; when, on one fine summer morning, he enjoyed his first sail upon the lake of Zurich, and composed some rhapsodical lines, addressed to and called forth by the enchanting scenery he then for the first time beheld.

In regard to the operations of the external world upon the soul, Goethe's feelings were at variance with those of Klopstock, who spent a whole year at Zurich, without making a single excursion. The chief employment in which the latter found mental action, was in the abstractions of the mind itself; whereas Goethe sought excitement from without. Hence Switzerland and her naturally picturesque charms were, to him, irresistible.

The Swiss school of fiction, generally, was inclined to borrow from the sister art of painting; the tendency of Swiss landscape and associations was such that it inclined the mind to the outwardly descriptive, and from Goethe's objectivity this presentation of nature met with a ready reception.

The great poet made three visits to Switzerland, and in the last of them he collected the historical facts and furnished the idea to Schiller for the groundwork of one of his most distinguished plays, William Tell. Schiller was indebted to Goethe for the conception of the piece, and in undertaking the performance accomplished, most probably, more than the latter would have done, by joining to the realism of Swiss thought his own powerful idealism. It is a somewhat striking incident that it was to the coöperation of two of the greatest of then living authors, that the world is indebted for one of the finest of modern dramas. Although as a result of his Swiss wanderings, Goethe's muse gave birth to no remarkable poetical offspring, yet the general effect was enduring upon his mind, and colored many of his subsequent productions, as we find in Faust descriptive scenes borrowed from Swiss impressions. When, at length, Weimar obtained the ascendancy in literature, when her Dioscuri gave to the world of erudition and belles-lettres the most profound æsthetical views that had ever been given, Zurich no longer commanded that prominence in literature which it had so long enjoyed, and Switzerland became, in a great measure, a neglected domain for the Muse, and this situation was only aggravated by the visitation of a French revolution.

Influenced by the growing spirit of the republicanism and radicalism of the present century, Swiss thought has changed its tone in favor of the practical and political views of the age.

Germany, instead of repairing to her Helvetic fountain to draw fresh supplies of mental vigor, now looks in that direction for an interchange of political views.

Of late, a few poets of note have appeared in Switzerland, among whom we name A. C. Fröhlich, who writes in the style and na-

tural spirit of his countrymen. Another writer, whose works are of a didactic and practical tendency, is Gotthelf; he enjoys a large circle of readers, and furnishes us a type of the modern literature of his country.

He is admired in all Northern Germany, and rather more in the salons of Berlin than at home; a predilection in literary taste which we must ascribe to the ethereal position of the northern German literati, living, as many of them do, in a state of pure idealism, and requiring occasionally an intellectual regimen, which they find in the plain objectivity of the Swiss writers. These two writers are held in the highest estimation at the present juncture for the conservatism of their views, both in religion and politics, and by holding up the old picture of Swiss life in its best phases, they attract to their side all the opponents of modern innovation and radicalism. It is not improbable that northern Germany may take a third flight to Switzerland to receive new awakenings in the realms of practical truth, to temper her dreamy intellect with the spirit of a more external poesy; to exchange for the concrete those generalizing faculties of the mind which render no visible or tangible results. This was taught by Goethe, it was also taught by all the Swiss writers, and the necessity of the case seems to forewarn us that a new Alpine flight is near at hand. J. H.

THE COLERIDGE BIOGRAPHY.*

A NEW edition of a book, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which will ever be dear to scholars and thinkers; for, rightly read, it will speedily make both out of everyday readers. It is printed from the stereotype plates formerly employed in Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, which plates, by the way, had a narrow escape at Craighead's fire in Fulton street. We heard they were lost and were regretting the disaster, since there was little hope of the book being again reproduced here in its entirety. This edition is creditable to the good taste and sound sense of Mr. Gowans, and is a very complete one, including all the notes and illustrations of the late Henry Nelson Coleridge and of his widow (to whom he left the task unfinished), Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet.

Though the book is not a new one, there are too many readers to whom its nice distinctions and subtle wisdom are veritable novelties; while no one, to whom the work is familiar, will grudge our pages the ornament of a few passages of the peculiar Coleridgean humor and character.

This, from a reminiscence of his schoolmaster at Christ's Hospital, the Rev. James Boyer, memorable in the Essays of Elia:—

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

"In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. *Lute, harp, and lyre, Muse, Muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocentaur*, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now, exclaiming 'Harp! Harp! Lyre! Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse! Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! Oh aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!' Nay certain introductions,

* *Biographia Literaria*. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. New edition. Gowans.

* A male and female polarity is a Goethian idea, though we are unable to say where it originated. This conception places a polarity of attraction in all the animated world, and the fact is so apparent to us in the whole history and in all the operations of animal instinct, that we must view it in a stronger light than that of mere poetical fiction. In Goethe's Faust, the expression occurs:—

"Das ewig weibliche zieht uns hinan."
A feminine infinitude draws us along.

similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes, there was, I remember, that of the manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects; in which, however, it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt, whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition? Alexander and Clytus!—Flattery! Alexander and Clytus!—Anger—drunkenness—pride—friendship—ingratitude—late repentance! Still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation that, had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict in *seculo seculorum*. I have sometimes ventured to think, that a list of this kind, or an *index expurgatorius* of certain well known and ever returning phrases, both introductory and transitional, including a large assortment of modest egoisms, and flattering illeisms, and the like, might be hung up in our Law-courts, and both Houses of Parliament, with great advantage to the public, as an important saving of national time, an incalculable relief to his Majesty's ministers, but above all, as insuring the thanks of country attorneys, and their clients, who have private bills to carry through the House."

In a complaint of the blundering and neglect to which the higher order of genius is treated, we have this *argumentum ad hominem* applied to the usual complainers of the irritability of authors:—

A REVIEW FOR CALICO PRINTERS.

"It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous class of readers, to suppose a Review set on foot, the object of which should be to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; which should be conducted in the same spirit, and take the same freedom with personal character, as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the *genus irritabile* would be found to include many other species besides that of bards; but that the irritability of trade would soon reduce the resentments of poets into mere shadow-fights in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare, or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the Muses, should be compelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when too he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or, should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays the infirmity of human virtue—is the character and property of the man, who labors for our intellectual pleasures, less entitled to a share of our fellow feeling, than that of the wine-merchant or milliner? Sensibility indeed, both quick and deep, is not only a characteristic feature, but may be deemed a component part, of genius. But it is not less an essential mark of true genius, that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully than by its own personal interests; for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world, in which the present is still constituted by the future or the past; and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness,

and vivacity of which the sensation of self is always in an inverse proportion."

Every one has heard of Coleridge's literary scheme of the Watchman, a periodical which was to enlighten the world by the darkness visible of a little or rather a great deal of metaphysical Unitarian discussion, which Coleridge was to write and publish himself, and for which he took the stump in an angelic "blue coat and white waistcoat" through the midland counties. The tour was of course, as any one might have predicted, an amusing philosophical failure. When time had softened its actual mortifications, the humor and imagination of the man found their delights in pictures which would have unlocked the muscles of Rabelais:—

A PHILANTHROPIC TALLOW-CHANDLER.

"My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! a face *kar' Ephraim*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pingui-nitescens, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched after-math from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of color and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage, which I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck,—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure,—slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the thorough-bred, a true lover of liberty, and, as I was informed, had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in THE REVELATIONS, that *spoke as a dragon*. A person, to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed, was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first stroke in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion, after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hems and hahs, abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced a harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of the Religious Musings:

"—Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!"

"My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though, as I was afterwards told, on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial, it was a melting day with him. 'And what, Sir,' he said, after a short pause, 'might the cost be?'—'Only four-pence.'—(Oh! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that four-pence!)—'only four-pence, Sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.'—'That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much, did you say, there

was to be for the money?'—'Thirty-two pages, Sir! large octavo, closely printed.'—'Thirty and two pages! Bless me! why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, Sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth and all them sort of things, but as to this,—no offence, I hope, Sir,—I must beg to be excused.'"

In the course of perhaps the noblest criticism in our language, the vindication of the genius of Wordsworth, occurs this

TEST OF A FRENCHMAN.

"The office and duty of the poet is to select the most dignified as well as

"The gayest, happiest attitude of things."

The reverse—for, in all cases, a reverse is possible—is the appropriate business of burlesque and travesty, a predominant taste for which has always been deemed a mark of a low and degraded mind. When I was at Rome, among many other visits to the tomb of Julius II., I went thither once with a Prussian artist, a man of genius and great vivacity of feeling. As we were gazing on Michael Angelo's Moses, our conversation turned on the horns and beard of that stupendous statue; of the necessity of each to support the other; of the superhuman effect of the former, and the necessity of the existence of both to give a harmony and integrity both to the image and the feeling excited by it. Conceive them removed, and the statue would become *un-natural*, without being *super-natural*. We called to mind the horns of the rising sun, and I repeated the noble passage from Taylor's *Holy Dying*. That horns were the emblem of power and sovereignty among the Eastern nations, and are still retained as such in Abyssinia; the Achelous of the ancient Greeks; and the probable ideas and feelings, that originally suggested the mixture of the human and the brute form in the figure, by which they realized the idea of the mysterious Pan, as representing intelligence blended with a darker power, deeper, mightier, and more universal than the conscious intellect of man—than intelligence;—all these thoughts and recollections passed in procession before our minds. My companion, who possessed more than his share of the hatred which his countrymen bore to the French, had just observed to me, 'a Frenchman, Sir! is the only animal in the human shape that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry;' when, lo! two French officers of distinction and rank entered the church! 'Mark you,' whispered the Prussian, 'the first thing which those scoundrels will notice—for they will begin by instantly noticing the statue in parts, without one moment's pause of admiration impressed by the whole)—will be the horns and the beard. And the associations which they will immediately connect with them will be those of a *he-goat* and a *cuckold*.' Never did man guess more luckily. Had he inherited a portion of the great legislator's prophetic powers, whose statue we had been contemplating, he could scarcely have uttered words more coincident with the result; for even as he had said, so it came to pass."

In Satyrane's Letters, appended to the Biographia, we have an account of the visit to Germany and the interview with Klopstock, who will live to English readers through this description.

That enormous Dane, in the packet on the way to Hamburgh, was a capital fellow:—

COLERIDGE AND THE DANE.

"The two Danes were brothers. The one was a man with a clear white complexion, white hair, and white eyebrows; looked silly, and nothing that he uttered gave the lie to his

looks. The other, whom, by way of eminence, I have called *the Dane*, had likewise white hair, but was much shorter than his brother, with slender limbs, and a very thin face slightly peck-fretted. This man convinced me of the justice of an old remark, that many a faithful portrait in our novels and farces has been rashly censured for an outrageous caricature, or, perhaps, nonentity. I had retired to my station in the boat—he came and seated himself by my side, and appeared not a little tipsy. He commenced the conversation in the most magnificent style, and, as a sort of pioneering to his own vanity, he flattered me with such grossness! The parasites of the old comedy were modest in the comparison. His language and accentuation were so exceedingly singular, that I determined, for once in my life, to take notes of a conversation. Here it follows, somewhat abridged, indeed, but in all other respects as accurately as my memory permitted.

"THE DANE. Vat imagination! vat language! vat vast science! and vat eyes! vat a milk-vite forehead! O my heaven! vy, you're a Got!

"ANSWER. You do me too much honor, Sir.

"THE DANE. O me! if you should dink I is flattering you!—No, no, no! I haf ten thousand a year—yes, ten thousand a year—yes, ten thousand pound a year! Vell—and vhat is dhat? a mere trifle! I couldn't gif my sincere heart for ten times dhe money. Yes, you're a Got! I a mere man. But, my dear friend! dhink of me, as a man! Is, is—I mean ask you now, my dear friend—is I not very eloquent? Is I not speak English very fine!

ANSW. Most admirably! Believe me, Sir! I have seldom heard even a native talk so fluently.

"THE DANE. (*Squeezing my hand with great vehemence.*) My dear friend! vat an affection and fidelity ve have for each other! But tell me, do tell me,—Is I not, now and den, speak some fault? Is I not in some wrong?

"ANSW. Why, Sir! perhaps it might be observed by nice critics in the English language, that you occasionally use the word 'Is' instead of 'am.' In our best companies we generally say *I am*, and not *I is* or *I se*. Excuse me, Sir! it is a mere trifle.

"THE DANE. O!—*is, is, am, am, am.* Yes, yes—I know, I know.

"ANSW. *I am, thou art, he is, we are, ye are, they are.*

"THE DANE. Yes, yes—I know, I know—*Am, am, am, is dhe prasens, and is is dhe perfectum—yes, yes—and are is dhe plusquam perfectum.*

"ANSW. And art, Sir! is —?

"THE DANE. My dear friend! it is *dhe plusquam perfectum*, no, no—dhat is a great lie; are is *dhe plusquam perfectum*—and art is *dhe plusquam plus-perfectum*—(then, *swinging my hand to and fro, and cocking his little bright hazle eyes at me, that danced with vanity and wine*)—You see, my dear friend! that I too have some lehrning.

"ANSW. Learning, Sir? Who dares suspect it? Who can listen to you for a minute, who can even look at you, without perceiving the extent of it!

"THE DANE. My dear friend!—(then with a would-be humble look, and in a tone of voice as if he was reasoning)—I could not talk so of *prasens* and *imperfectum*, and *futurum* and *plusquam-plus-perfectum*, and all dhat, my dear friend! without some lehrning!

"ANSW. Sir! a man like you cannot talk on any subject without discovering the depth of his information.

"THE DANE. Dhe grammatic Greek, my friend; ha! ha! ha! (*laughing, and swinging my hand to and fro—then with a sudden transition to great solemnity*) Now I will tell you, my dear friend! Dhere did happen about me vat

de whole historia of Denmark record no instance about nobody else. Dhe bishop did ask me all dhe questions about all dhe religion in dhe Latin grammar.

"ANSW. The grammar, Sir! The language, I presume—

"THE DANE. (*A little offended.*) Grammar is language, and language is grammar—

"ANSW. Ten thousand pardons!

"THE DANE. Vell, and I was only fourteen years—

"ANSW. Only fourteen years old?

"THE DANE. No more. I was fourteen years old—and he asked me all questions, religion and philosophy, and all in dhe Latin language—and I answered him all every one, my dear friend! all in dhe Latin language.

"ANSW. A prodigy! an absolute prodigy!

"THE DANE. No, no, no! he was a bishop, a great superintendent.

"ANSW. Yes! a bishop.

"THE DANE. A bishop—not a mere predicant, not a prediger—

"ANSW. My dear Sir! we have misunderstood each other. I said that your answering in Latin at so early an age was a prodigy, that is, a thing that is wonderful; that does not often happen.

"THE DANE. Often! Dhere is not von instance recorded in dhe whole historia of Denmark.

"ANSW. And since then, Sir—?

"THE DANE. I was sent ofer to dhe Vest Indies—to our Island, and dhere I had no more to do vid books. No! no! I put my genius anodher way—and I haf made ten thousand pound a year. Is not dhat *ghenius*, my dear friend!—But vat is money?—I dhink the poorest man alive my equal. Yes, my dear friend! my little fortune is pleasant to my generous heart, because I can do good—no man with so little a fortune ever did so much generosity—no person—no man person, no woman person ever denies it. But we are all Got's children."

A CADET OF GOOD FAMILY.*

THE admirers of "Queechy," and its antecedent, will find in "Dollars and Cents" not only the traces of a kindred pen, but also a key to explain much in the two previous books. Evidently not from the same hand, yet as evidently the work of one who moves in the same family sphere, and has the same belongings as the *soi-disant* Miss Wetherell, the present tale furnishes us with the link that establishes the identity of many of the characters of the two former, and assures us—if assurance be needful—that scenes so vividly colored are copies of nature, and the men and women that stand out so boldly and clearly from the canvas are not mere creatures of the imagination, but counterfeit presentments of existing realities.

The unobserving reader would scarce perceive that John Humphreys, the young clergyman, and Carleton, the admirable Crichton, are one and the same person under different phases; but when the Collingwood of the present book steps in between them, so startling a likeness does he present to the twain, that dull indeed must he be who cannot perceive their identity, and even more palpable yet is the metempsychosis from Van Brunt to Earl Douglass, and thence to Ezra Barrington.

The gradual lapse of a family from competence to indigence forms the basis of the present tale.

The slow sinking down step by step, the rich man's wrong, the impertinence of Jack-in-office, the tedious uncertainty of the law,

* Dollars and Cents. By Amy Lathrop. Putnam.

the long protracted but inevitable ruin, the despoiling of the household gods by grasping attorneys and callous sheriffs, the unwonted privations keenly felt but bravely struggled against, the decadence of friends, are all too feelingly and truthfully described not to have been felt and experienced by the narrator.

As a fair specimen of the author's clear, truthful, and quiet style of description, we quote

THE POOR FAMILY UPON THE HILL.

"Stones grew more plenty and flowers more scarce as we proceeded; and over rocks and moss-beds, and little springy places, which even at that season kept their dampness, we wandered and wound about, till we reached a sort of landing-place some four fifths of the way up. We saw no house yet, but the path was more level, and the near cackling of a hen spoke of settlers. Then appeared a clothes-line stretched from tree to tree, and supporting a red flannel shirt, and two or three nondescript articles; then the aforesaid hen and her companions, the pig-pen, and finally, the house. I put the pig-pen first, for that was in the order of approach—standing at the very path edge, and rendering 'the right of way' a matter of litigation. A *pen* it was not, in strictness, unless when the pigs chose to lie behind their logs and imagine themselves shut up—generally they preferred lying outside and looking in. A rail fence in two parts made an equally doubtful attempt at shutting off the rough courtyard, which ran down to a wet, boggy bit of ground, full of alders and other plants that will still be paddling. The house was but a regular arrangement of back-logs, with two or three rickety board steps, and windows that were as little thorough-going as the rest of the concern; the steps were at present occupied by a marvellously clean and nice looking little cat, whom the first glimpse of us banished to unknown regions. The dark woods closed in behind the house, and skirted the far side of the courtyard; and from the gable next us, a disjointed stove-pipe, whose inclination was to quit the concern, sent up a lazy indication of smoke, looking as much like that which comes from a chimney as a good open fireside resembles its iron imitator.

"In front of the rickety steps a little girl, about ten years old, was jumping the rope—dressed, as to substantials, in a stuff petticoat. For ornament she wore a string of beads, and a muslin waist, the skirt of which had once covered the petticoat, but now hung in shortened and narrow fringe stripes over the dark stuff; while her stockings and pantalettes were but of the same material as Prince Vorligen's vest, unpainted. But if rags and mud claimed the whole of the body, the face belonged to nothing but fun; and the child and her fringed habiliments took flying leaps over the rope, in a style that quite distanced the sports of Quilp's boy.

"A little cur of a dog started up to bark at us, but seeing Mr. Ellis's stick dropped ears and tail, and walked round to greet Wolfgang and Dee.

"We were endeavoring to pick our way over the stones which clogged the fence-gap, when the house door opened, and a woman, who had seen the shady side of life as well as of forty, came out. Her face was bandaged with a handkerchief, and a muslin cap covered her head.

"'Why, law a me!' she said, 'you baint come all the way up here agin, Mr. Ellis! well, that's wonderful clever o' you for sartain. And these young ladies—pretty girls! to come so far to see a body.'

"'How are you to-day, Mrs. Flinter?' replied our companion.

"I ain't just well," she answered,—"I was wonderful bad with the toothache night afore last, and my face are as big as two, yet. Why, ain't that Mr. Collingwood's dog?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ellis.

"He ain't to the sea, is he, sir?"

"No; but Wolfgang is spending the summer with Mrs. Howard."

"Why, I want to know!" said Mrs. Flinter,—"poor feller! poor feller! Come in, sir, won't you—come in, Miss Howards. Well, I'm wonderful glad to get a sight o' that 'ere dog!—poor feller! come right in, too—you shan't stay out while this here house has got a roof onto it. Loisy, go straight off and fetch him a bit o' bread."

"I don't believe he's very hungry," said Kate,—"he had his dinner before we come away."

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Flinter; "but may be he'll eat sun'thin'. Poor old feller! I wish it war plumcake!"

"And Wolfgang took the dingy bread in his white teeth, rather than hurt her feelings by a refusal,—very much as his master would have done in similar circumstances. The indoor look of things was not out of keeping with the exterior, though there was rather more arrangement and neatness; but in justice to Mrs. Flinter it must be allowed that extreme poverty and half a dozen children do not tend to the nice ordering of a log cabin. The room into which we were ushered had a prevailing odor of tobacco and cooking,—not the pleasant smell of good food well cooked, but that sickly, unwholesome atmosphere which marks deficiencies on both sides of the stew-pan. There was no appearance of dinner, however, but the stove, which for want of a third leg rested on a pile of bricks, still spoke of a recent fire.

"A sort of bed in one corner held an oldish, infirm woman, who was covered with a very gay specimen of patchwork; a few wooden and splinter chairs stood about in the way, a few children ditto; while over the table hung a little looking-glass, and over that a fresh bunch of asparagus. The window by the bed was partially shielded by a white curtain, but there seemed small need of it; for on the outside a large hemlock shot up towards the blue sky, far beyond the ridge-pole of the little cabin, and its lower branches rubbed and scratched against every pane of glass within their reach, forming a perfect barrier to eyes without or within. Through one breach in the window a curious shoot had even found its way into the room, and now hung forth its feathery green foliage in singular contrast to everything else there.

"Mr. Ellis walked up to the sick woman, who seemed overjoyed at the sight of Wolfgang, and Mrs. Flinter busied herself in clearing away the children, and picking out the best of chairs for us.

"What is your name?" said Kate to a little tow mop in the corner, near which she had seated herself.

"The child looked gloomily up, disclosing a dirty face below the mop, but spoke not.

"Charley! where's your manners!" said his sister Loisy in a sharp voice, and for the first time removing her eyes from us. "Take your fingers out of your mouth and behave; his name's Charley, Miss."

"I haint got a thing to give you to eat!" said our hostess, in a disturbed tone. "Mary Jane! leave the lady's dress be! we don't never make much count o' cake up here, nor pies nother."

"O, we don't want anything to eat," said Kate. "I should like a glass of water, if you please, Mrs. Flinter."

"I'm wonderfully on't for glasses, too," said Mrs. Flinter; "the children's for ever and the day after a breakin' 'em; but there's water

enough, if so be you wouldn't mind drinkin' out o' the dipper."

"A teacup would do perfectly," said Kate; and out of two most unmated specimens of crockery we at last satisfied our thirst.

"What excellent water!" said I.

"It's good, it is," said Mrs. Flinter, "for there ain't nothin' else to be had here for the asking."

"Yes, you must have to bring things a great way; but I suppose the other road is smoother."

"There ain't but one road, and that's where you come up. He works to Wiamee and backs the weighty things home o' nights, and the children fetch the rest day times."

"Not up that little steep path?"

"There ain't no other," repeated Mrs. Flinter. "Why, laws a me! Miss Howards, little Minadab that ain't but knee-high to a mouse, 'll fetch along sich a bag of meal! You wouldn't believe!"

"He is older than this one!" I said, looking at the mop.

"Well, yes—but Charley's wonderful strong too, when he's a mindter."

"And them's Squire Howard's datas," said the sick woman, looking from Mr. Ellis to us. "Many's the time I've heered tell on 'em! There ain't much up here worth comin' to see," she continued with a smile, as we moved our chairs to the bed-foot—"folks on the mountain lives curious ways sometimes, Miss Howard."

We can commend the book for its graceful style, its freshness, and absence from common-place, but at the same time would in a friendly spirit warn the fair author to guard against prolixity in her dialogue, and a want of concentration throughout, evidently thorns in her path. And so, *bon voyage*, Miss Amy Lathrop.

ELEVEN WEEKS IN EUROPE.*

THE rapid modes of communication now in operation through all parts of Europe, enable the traveller to accomplish no inconsiderable portion of what was once regarded as the grand tour, within the limits of an ordinary summer vacation. We have evidence sufficient of the fact, in the scores, we might say hundreds of our townspeople, who flit from us in May, and back again before we gather around the first fire of the autumn, overpower us with their long catalogue of notable places, things, and people they have become acquainted with.

To say the truth, we are not partial to this flibbertigibbet work, believing the mind as well as the body needs time for the digestive process, and that it is as unpardonable to "do" Paris in three days (for some of the guide-books make as rapid work as the revolutionists) as it would be to bolt a dinner, taxing the cuisine of the *Trois Frères*, in five minutes. We, therefore, were not prepared for enjoyment when we opened a volume having for title *Eleven Weeks in Europe*. Starting, however, from the first page with the Rev. Mr. Clarke from Boston, we got into excellent humor with him before we were half seas over, and followed faithfully in his wake to the end of the volume.

Mr. Clarke, although an active traveller, contented himself with proportioning the space he journeyed over to the time he had to do it in. He made an excursion through Wales and the Lake District, after landing at Liverpool, then went to London, thence

to Paris, Strasbourg, to the Bernese Oberland and Chamouni (a fortnight's pedestrianism), down the Rhine to Belgium, so back to England, and thence home. To see all the places of interest on this route in eleven weeks, and to see them thoroughly and appreciatively, so that the mental daguerreotype shall be fixed for the years of quiet to come, is something worth the telling. Nor is the sum for which this was accomplished less noteworthy. Mr. Clarke's expenses, including his passage money out by packet and back by a Cunarder, did not exceed, he tells us, the moderate sum of \$600.

Mr. Clarke, as we have hinted, is a pleasant companion at sea. The accuracy of the following scene will be vouched for by any one who has crossed the Atlantic:—

WORKING THE PUMP.

"If our captain had not been a very good-natured man, he would have been much perplexed by the ten thousand foolish questions which we all asked him. Most of the passengers were as ignorant of all sea matters as babes, and earnestly bent on the acquisition of useful knowledge; and so he ran the gauntlet of questions wherever he went. The dinner-table, especially, presented a fine opportunity for the gentlemen who sat on either side of him, to ask questions. For example, Mr. A. says, 'How much do you pay the pilot, captain?' 'By the ship's draught, sir; so much a foot.' Mr. A.—'How much does your vessel draw?' Captain.—'A short eighteen feet.' Mr. A.—'You pay eighteen dollars, then.' Captain.—'No, sir, more than that.' Mr. A.—'More than a dollar a foot, sir?' Captain.—'Yes, sir, two perhaps.' Mr. B.—'How does the pilot get aboard? Do you send your boat for him?' Captain.—'He comes in his own boat.' Mr. B.—'And what becomes of the boat?' Captain (laughing).—'The men row it back.' Mr. B. (reflecting).—'Oh! he has some men with him, I suppose.' Our whole company of passengers catechised the captain about every noise on deck, and every order given; and he was obliged to say, at least twenty times over, what things must have duties paid on them in Liverpool, and what not. The following catechism I wrote down just as it occurred. Mr. O. (who is writing a letter to send back from Liverpool).—'Shall I write "per steamer" on the outside of this letter?' Captain.—'Yes, sir.' Mr. O.—'And then put it in the post-office?' Captain.—'Yes, sir.' Mr. O.—'Or I may send it from the hotel to the post-office.' Captain.—'You may, sir.' Mr. O.—'I suppose I shall find some one to take it for me, shall I not?' Captain.—'No doubt, sir.' This conversation, which actually took place, is a fair specimen of the questions we asked him all day long. Therefore, among the other functions of a sea-captain seems to be that of instructing every new company of passengers in the elements of navigation. They not only put questions which a child might answer without much reflection, but also questions which could only be answered by a necromancer or a clairvoyant. As soon as a vessel is seen on the horizon, every one runs to the captain and asks, 'What vessel is that? Where is it from? Where is it going, do you suppose?' Our captain had got used to it, however; for he took it all tranquilly, and never, to my knowledge, made a sharp reply."

During his stay in London the author is favored, through the introduction of Mrs. Bancroft (to whose kindness he, in common with all American travellers who visited the great city at the same period, bears grateful testimony), with an invitation to breakfast with Mr. Rogers. That gentleman's break-

* *Eleven Weeks in Europe; and What may be Seen in that Time.* By Francis Freeman Clarke. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

facts having been public property, apparently, for a score or two of years past, we see no impropriety in our author's relating, and in our reporting from him a portion of what was said and done on that occasion:—

BREAKFAST AT ROGERS'S.

"Many persons have heard of the breakfast-table of Mr. Samuel Rogers, where, during the last fifty years, have been seated so many distinguished men of all nations. Fond of society, and most agreeable himself in conversation, he has been for years the centre of one of the pleasantest circles in London. He seems to have been attracted towards every man distinguished either by force of intelligence or force of character; and his tastes are so various, that there is room at his small breakfast table for the greatest diversity of guests, from the Duke of Wellington to the last young poet, whose timid volume has been just launched into the sea of literature by Murray or Pickering. Mr. Rogers, who seems fond of Americans, was especially fond of Mrs. Bancroft; and so I received, by her means, an invitation to his breakfast table. On Wednesday, Aug. 9th, I found myself, at 10 A.M., seated at that classic board with four other guests. Mr. Rogers I found a charming old man of eighty-seven years, and except a little deafness, as active in body and mind as ever. He talked on all subjects, changing from grave to gay. He spoke of art and society, of time and eternity, but mostly he talked of poetry, and read and recited many things. He quoted lines from Halleck, and then calling for the work, he read the poem beginning, 'Green be the turf above thee,' and said, 'No man living can write such verses now.' He recited, with much feeling, passages from Gray, and from Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He thought that Milton had put an argument in the mouth of Adam, complaining of his punishment, which he had not answered. 'There's no answering that,' said he, 'there's no answering that, except, indeed,' he added, 'we admit that all punishment is corrective.' He liked Gray's letters better than his poetry, and thought good prose usually better than his poetry. He spoke of life, and compared it to a river, hastening to its fall. At the end it hurries us along, so that we cannot notice what we are passing. 'How well,' said he, 'I remember what I saw in my youth, when I went to the opera at Milan, in the evening, and said "tomorrow I shall be sailing on Lake Como." Sixty years ago, I dined with the Duke of Rochefoucault and twelve others; in one year, nine of them had died by the guillotine, or by some violent death. Lafayette I saw every day.' He said it was one evil attending success in life, that it is apt to separate us from our families. Said he, 'Sir Thomas Lawrence told me, "The day I got my medal, I put it on and went down stairs, but not one of my brothers asked me what it was. I went up to my room, and cried. If I speak of any distinguished person, they say, you told us that before." The conversation fell upon Curran. Mr. Rogers said he was accustomed to use the most extravagant language. 'I was walking with him in London, and he said, "I had rather be hung on ten gibbets." A girl passing by said, "Would not one be enough?" In this pleasant talk the hours flew by, and it was one o'clock before we knew it. But when the ladies rose to go, he asked me if I had seen the pictures in the British Institution, and said to Lord G., 'Let us go there.' After walking through the rooms, and pointing out to me some of his favorite pictures, he asked me if I was not engaged elsewhere, to breakfast with him again the next morning, to which I gladly consented."

Mr. Clarke attended the Peace Convention at Paris as a delegate from America, but as

all the speakers were appointed in advance, and a proviso insisted upon that there should be no allusion to contemporary politics, he was somewhat disappointed in the occasion. For this wet blanket, they were doubtless indebted to Louis Napoleon, who must have greatly profited by their debates, if he read them, judging from the events of last December. Our delegate has frequent reference to his peace doctrines, but though far from want of sympathy with his endeavors, we fear that the majority of its friends will be of the class of the captain of the ship Mr. Clarke sailed in, who was decidedly in favor of the abolition of armies and navies, provided a force was maintained on the high seas for the suppression of pirates. They are all likely to want good protection for the interest centring in, or concerning, number one.

Mr. Clarke has frequent remarks on paintings, and with these we have been particularly pleased, as, eschewing the affectation and pretence of technicalities, he shows the grounds of, and expresses, his appreciation neatly and clearly.

The "outward bound" will do well to put Mr. Clarke's book in their coat pocket, and the home bound will consult their pleasure by also purchasing, though they, alas, must eat Rogers's breakfasts after a sort of Barmecide fashion, take pictures and cathedrals on trust, and see "Alps on Alps arise," as well as their fancy can build them out of the masses of passing summer clouds.

BANKING ANECDOTICALLY CONSIDERED.*

LET no critic, pen in hand, determine the character of a book any more than that of one of his fellow-citizens, by mere costume and title. Here, for example, is a solid octavo, with a formidable title, premonitory of the dryness of drafts, bullion, sinking funds, joint stock, and other arid topics of the exchange: if you will be good enough, however, to tarry a moment, and send your glance on a tour of discovery under the surface, you will find lying quietly there sundry morsels to be enjoyed, whether you be a Wall street man of resort, or a mere loungeur on Broadway.

We are all, we fancy, interested in Cash. Cash in hand or coming to hand: Cash paid or to be paid: Cash earned or earning: Cash by inheritance or by acquisition: Cash got by merchandise or matrimony: Cash raised by finesse or delved with the pick: Cash on loan or at interest: Cash in our own pocket, to be kept there or in the pocket of another, and to be brought thence: Cash in civilized countries or among barbarians: Cash by day or by night: Cash on land or at sea—anywhere, everywhere, everybody's, nobody's, in large sums or small sums, solid or paper, clean or soiled, metallic or minted—great is CASH: and if we were disposed to attempt to rise to a strain of eulogy worthy its universal and omnipotent merit, our opening invocation—in nervous fear of failure—would be, "Help me Cash-i-o—or I sink!" At least, that would be the necessary adjuration of nine brethren of the quill out of ten. And in this well prepared book, which were commend for its purely historical and financial value to the more ardent and profound students of Banking, we find, as we have already hinted, sundry anecdotes of human nature at large,

* The History of Banking. By William John Lawson. First American edition. Revised, with numerous Additions, by J. Smith Homans, editor of "The Bankers' Magazine," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

with which we can do no better than entertain our un-Walled readers. We must of course begin with the great name in the money world:—

ROTHSCHILD'S PILLAR.

"Mr. Rothschild was a constant attendant on 'Change every Tuesday and Friday; and, for years, was in the habit of planting himself at a particular spot, with his back to the pillar known to every frequenter of the Exchange as 'Rothschild's pillar'; but, alas for human greatness! he was on one occasion doomed to experience the sad annoyance that he had no especial right to that particular spot. A person of the name of Rose, possessed of great courage but little judgment, one Tuesday afternoon, purposely placed himself on the spot hitherto occupied by the millionaire. On Mr. Rothschild's approach he requested the party to move. This was just what the other expected, and what he was prepared to dispute. He argued that this was the Royal Exchange, free to all; and he, as a British subject, had a right to stand there if he thought fit. This doctrine could not of course be disputed; but he was told it was the spot that Mr. Rothschild invariably occupied, and, as such, ought to be yielded: but no; this dogged Rose, being a powerful man, defied Mr. Rothschild and all his tribe to remove him. For nearly three quarters of an hour—the most valuable portion of the Exchange time—did he keep possession of the pillar; and not until the whole business of the exchange of the day was jeopardized did this silly personage, after having, as he said, established his right, retire, amidst the yells and howls of all the merchants there assembled."

Everybody has heard of the great South Sea Company—the apparent success of this scheme caused numerous romantic projects, proposals, and undertakings, both private and national, to be submitted to the public, many of which were notoriously absurd. Persons of rank of both sexes were deeply engaged in these bubbles; avarice prevailing at this time over all considerations, either of dignity or equity; the gentlemen going to taverns and coffee-houses to meet their brokers, and ladies to their milliners' and haberdashers' shops for the like purpose. Any impudent impostor, whilst the delirium was at its height, needed only to hire a room at some coffee-house, or other house, near the Exchange, for a few hours, and open a subscription-book for something relative to commerce, manufactures, plantations, or some supposed invention newly hatched out of his own brain."

Of these delusive projects, from a list published in 1721, we make a selection which will, no doubt, suggest various odd reflections to the reader:—

DIVERS QUER BUBBLES.

"Sir Richard Steele's Fish Pond; Garraway's Fishery; Robbins's Fishery for Gudgeons; Grand Fishery for Smelts; Greenland Fishery for Whales; Grand American Fishery; North American Fishery; New Greenland Fishery; Royal Fishery; Arthur More's Fishery; Ten Millions Fishery; William Hemes, in Exchange Alley, Insurance of Female Chastity; Mother Wyeborrow's Machine; Wakefield for the more effectual Breeding of Ducks and Geese in Lancashire; Long's Meliorating of Oils; Curing Herrings a la mode de Hagen Mogun; Pollington, Melting Sawdust and Shavings into Deal Boards of any length and free from Knots; Wild's Insurance against Housebreakers; Wild's Insurance against Highwaymen; Bele's Bottomry; Codner's Assurance for Lying; Briscoe's Transmutation of Animals; Plummer and Petty Insurance

from Death by drinking Geneva; Hurst's Importation of Hair; Poppy Oil; Radish Oil; Freek's Annuities; Fattening Hogs; Curing of broken-winded Horses and Mares; Crutchley's, at Jonathan's Coffee-House, Insurance from Loss by Garraway's Fishery; Old Chitty, for Serving the Navy with Provisions; A New Invention for the more effectual Blacking; a New and Complete Method of Cleaning the Streets; Employing the Poor for the ease of the Parishes; Hard Soap, &c., &c., *ad infinitum*."

Several of these glorious bubbles are, we suspect, in full flow at this moment, in this very neighborhood.

Of Thomas Guy, and the origin of his celebrated Guy's Hospital, we have this singular history in brief:—

THE DILAPIDATED STONE.

"Mr. Guy, after he had, as he thought, discovered in the conduct of his maid-servant, in addition to a frugal disposition, one who would at all times conform to his rules and regulations, he on a particular occasion intimated to her that it was his intention to make her his wife; and, having taken the necessary step towards the completion of the interesting ceremony of the wedding, and, as a preparation, given particular instructions to a stone-mason to repair the pavement opposite his house (for in those days the laying down and expense of paving the streets was met by each household separately), it chanced that Sally, the intended bride, observed a dilapidated stone, not exactly within the line of her master's house, but very near it; she therefore, in defiance of Guy's positive orders to the contrary, directed the man to remove it, and to replace it by a new one, which was accordingly done.

"On Guy's return,—for he had been absent during the day,—his eye caught sight of the new stone, and in an angry tone he desired to know why his orders had not been obeyed, and why that stone, pointing to the new one, had been placed there. The man said it was by the mistress's orders. Guy immediately called poor Sally, and told her that she had overstepped her duty, adding, 'If you take upon yourself to order matters contrary to my instructions before we are married, what will you not do after? I therefore renounce my matrimonial intentions towards you.' It was owing entirely to this simple domestic circumstance that Thomas Guy was induced to change the whole tenor of his future life, by devoting the remainder of his days to a labor of love of another kind; for, 'warm with philanthropy and exalted by charity, his mind expanded to those noble affections which grow but too rarely from the most elevated pursuits.' He set about building and endowing the hospital known as Guy's Hospital, which he lived just long enough to see roofed in."

In no spirit of irreverence we may say that, in this case, the stone rejected of the builders became literally the corner of the temple.

Our last selection shall illustrate the danger to be guarded against, as we set out in suggesting, of being led away by appearances:—

THE BAKER AND THE BANKER.

"The reader must know that there is a class of retail traders in London who keep accounts with bankers, but who seldom, or perhaps never, have the privilege of the *entrée* to a banker's parlor. This privilege is almost exclusively enjoyed by the merchants and wholesale dealers; and on this account the retail tradesman scarcely knows the person of the banker with whom he lodges his money, or the banker that of his customer. This ignorance gave rise to a ludicrous scene between a

Lombard street banker and a baker, one of his customers.

"It happened on a certain day that the baker had paid in to his account a large sum of money, and on his retiring from the bank he paused on the step of the door, and began to reflect which way he should steer his course. Whilst in this state of uncertainty, as ill-luck would have it, our banker came up; and, as he could not pass the baker without touching him, and so soiling his own clothes,—for the baker was in his working gear,—he very haughtily said, 'Move away, fellow.' This language applied to a tradesman who had just paid £500 in to his account, which already had an equal sum to his credit, was, to say the least of it, very irritating, and such as the baker thought, no doubt, he ought to resent; for he replied, 'I sha'n't move for you nor any coxcomb like you; and, what's more, if you address me again in that manner, I'll put your nose in the kennel.'

"The banker, not being in his turn used to such a mode of address, still authoritatively ordered the baker to move and let him pass, or he would let him know who he was. Words ran very high. At last the pugnacious baker, unable any longer to restrain his passion, with one blow,—for he was a powerful man—knocked the banker into the gutter. The banker's fall shook Lombard street; but, unlike most bankers who, when they fall, fall like Lucifer never to rise again, he did rise, and, rushing into his banking shop, covered with mud, foaming with rage, and followed by the baker, he called loudly for the porter to fetch a constable to take this fellow into custody.

"The cashier, who but a few minutes before had attended upon the baker, to his utter amazement, witnessed this extraordinary scene. He immediately ran to the banker, and like a second Mentor, whispered in his ear, 'That is Mr. —, our customer.' These few words acted upon the excitable feelings of the banker in the same manner as oil upon troubled water; for without uttering another word he retired to his room, which, on this occasion, might very properly be called a 'sweating-room;' for

"He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed."

"After a while he requested the cashier would calm the baker, who had been chewing the cud of his resentment outside the room. This the cashier soon effected, and the customer was, for the first time, introduced to his banker, when apologies were interchanged, and the banker and baker from that day were well known to each other."

A single consonant, it will be observed, made all the difference between banker and baker; and with a good moral wrapped up here, at the close, we send our readers to the perusal of the book itself, for the further gratification of their curiosity.

The Princeton Pulpit. Edited by John T. Duffield, Adjunct Professor of Mathematics in Princeton College. C. Scribner.—This is a volume composed of Sermons delivered by Professors of Princeton College in the ordinary course of ministerial duty, and not originally designed for publication. A single specimen is given of each of the following divines: Rev. Drs. Miller; Archibald; J. W. and J. A. Alexander; Carnahan; Hodge; Maclean; Dod; Hope; Forsyth; Messrs. Schenck; Green; Giger; Cattell, and Duffield. The distinguished position of many of these contributors not only in connexion with their Alma Mater, and the intrinsic excellence of the contents of the volume, will carry it beyond the limits modestly assigned to it in the preface of the graduates and friends of Princeton; while the avowed aim of its publication, "to aid the Se-

cond Presbyterian Church of Princeton," should still further commend it to purchasers sympathizing with that object. It is proper to add that the purchaser is very handsomely treated in the matter of paper and print, which is not always the case with books issued for eleemosynary purposes.

The Days of Bruce: a Story from Scottish History. By Grace Aguilar. In two volumes. D. Appleton & Co.—The previous writings of Miss Aguilar having been fully commented on and commended in this Journal, it is merely needful for us to say that this posthumous publication sustains the reputation which has obtained for works of this author a wide popularity. She has chosen one of the most interesting periods far back in the history of a nation whose early annals are strikingly varied and interesting. The novelist can hardly hope to equal in her adjuncts from imagination the brilliancy and romance of the historic facts.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers. Vol. II. Harpers.—The admirable method and industry of this biography put the reader in possession, in the most satisfactory manner, of the numerous and hitherto scattered illustrations of the poet's literary and dramatic career. All the writings of Burns, the Letters and Poems are printed in the order of their production, and connected together by a full biographical narrative. The plan is unique, and particularly well suited to develop the character of Burns—reflecting his varying moods and susceptibilities, and preparing the mind for a loving estimate of the virtues and the genius of the man.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vols. 1—5. Phila.: J. W. Moore.—It is the best proof of the popular value of the Messrs. Chambers's many low-priced literary publications, that they have exhibited a steady development with their almost unprecedented success. Commencing with the good sense and simple narrative of their miscellany, the *Edinburgh Journal*, they have extended their enterprise into wellnigh every department of learning. They have published school books, text-books, and some of the best manuals extant for self-education. The Papers for the People are written generally with care and industry, and are many of them excellent abbreviations, in a clear style, of difficult and complicated subjects. The paper on the Myth, which would be a very respectable quarterly review article, is a useful introduction to the study of Grote's original History of Greece. Principles are well discussed, with something more than a relish of the nice divisions of the Scotch metaphysical school. The topics are, commonly, well selected, both with respect to matters of history and matters of the day. Thus we have summaries of ancient periods, the records of the Bourbon and Bonaparte family, papers on California, Borneo, the Sanitary and Education movements, new Scientific Developments, with a series of Biographies, called for by some new interest or association, while the taste of a large class is provided for by the introduction of a substantial tale or story in each volume. Mr. Moore's reprint, to its neat and elegant binding, is a fac-simile of the original edition.

God in Disease; or, the Manifestations of Design in Morbid Phenomena. By James F. Duncann, M.D. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—This book, with its startling and irreverent title, opens to us a new and by no means the most pleasing chapter in natural theology. The author, not content with the general acknowledgment that the Deity has afflicted humanity with disease for some wise purpose, attempts, with a prying curiosity, to point out the special design of God in each disease. The Divine manifestations are arranged and classi-

fied according to the nosology! While acknowledging the pious intentions of the author, we doubt whether good is to be attained by such inquisitive scrutiny into the mysterious ways of Providence.

The Two Families. By the Author of "Rose Douglas." Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the many excellent tales of familiar life, inculcating high and manly views of human life and responsibility, which we are glad to be so often called upon to notice. The scene is laid in romantic portions of Scotland, and some of the descriptions of natural scenery in the Highlands are very vivid. The characters are well drawn, and the only objection we have to make to the book is, that there are some inconsistencies and improbabilities in the management of the plot which, in our view, somewhat mar our satisfaction, and do violence to our sense of justice in the denouement.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Wm. Hall & Son, the following new music—"Sleep light gently on thy breast," a serenade by Strakosch, and a meditation for the piano, "Premier Amore," by the same composer. Also, "The time of the heart," "The Father's Coming," by Geo. F. Root, one of the most successful ballad writers of the day; and "The Voice of Erin," as sung by Augustus Braham, composed by the well known writer, J. A. Fowler.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

At the recent Royal Literary Fund Dinner, at which most of the literary notabilities were present, "Mr. Thackeray and the novelists" were toasted. Mr. Thackeray (who sat at the lower end of the room) said that the company at the Chairman's table were the great "stars" whom the managers of these festivals procured to act the chief parts upon these occasions.

"They were the Macbeths and Hamlets, while he and those about him were the Rosencranzes and Guildensterns, and resembled an individual of his acquaintance, who, as Banquo, had at Drury-lane shaken his gory locks at half a dozen Macbeths. [A laugh.] They were like the humble individual in plush at the opera, whose humble office it was to water the stage, and amid the applause of the gallery, for the Taglioni and Lind of the night. [A laugh.] Many of those about him, like himself, knew what it was to receive at the beginning of every season a basketful of tickets inviting him to meet the patrons of some charity like the present, to rap upon the table, and applaud that particular virtue with which the chairman for the night wished to indoctrinate his audience. Still there was a silent almoner who issued from such meetings after they were over, and by whose charitable ministrations they were sanctified as by a grace after meat. [Cheers.] His calling would be the longest to last, for, long after the present generation was dead, there must be kindness, and generosity, and folly, and fidelity, and love, and heroism, and humbug in the world [laughter], and as long as these continued, his successors, and the successors of the novelists who came after them, would have plenty to do, and no want of subjects to write upon. When universal peace was established there would be nobody wanted to write the *Decisive Battles of the World*. [A laugh.] He did not know whether the Court of Chancery would survive the assaults which it had been sustaining for three months in the *Bleak House* [a laugh], but

there might come a time when that ancient and mouldy institution might disappear, and then the historians of the *Lives of the Lords Chancellors* would have no calling. [A laugh.] But could a novelist have a more exciting and heroic story than the wreck of the Birkenhead? He knew of no more sublime victory ever achieved by British valor. [Cheers.] Or could a romance writer in after years have a better or more wondrous hero than that of the individual who at twenty years of age wrote *Vivian Grey*, and a little while afterwards *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*; who then explained to a breathless and listening world the mystery of the Caucasian theory [a laugh]; who then went into politics, faced, fought, and conquered, the great political giant of these days, and who subsequently led Thanes and Earls to battle, while he caused reluctant squires to carry his lance. What a hero would not that be for some future novelist, and what a magnificent climax for a third volume of his story, when he led him, in his gold coat of office, to kiss the Queen's hand as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. [Laughter and cheers.]

The famous Spanish Picture Gallery of Marshal Soult has been brought to the hammer in Paris. The correspondent of the *Times*, of the date of May 20, gives the particulars of the first day's sale and of the extraordinary competition between the French Government and the Emperor of Russia for the "Conception of the Virgin," by Murillo, which ended in the purchase of the work by the former at a price exceeding *One Hundred Thousand Dollars*! "Out of Spain, Marshal Soult's was the only collection, private or public, which contained so great a number of works of the best Spanish masters. It reckoned not less than 15 Murillos, and among them the 'Conception,' the 'Nativity of the Virgin,' the 'Flight to Egypt,' 'Peter in Prison,' &c. It possessed 18 works by Zubaran; four by Ribera; seven by Alonzo Cano; two fine pictures of Herrera, the elder; and a great number of the best works of Sanchez Coello, Llanos Valdés, Ribalta, Herrera, the younger, &c., all painters of great merit, and whose works are but little known out of Spain.

"Two great rarities of this collection are the 'Unutterable Anguish' of Morales, and the 'Christ bearing his Cross,' of Sebastian del Piombo. The first of these pictures has always been considered in Spain as the very finest work of Morales, while the picture of Sebastian del Piombo is a work of such immense importance as to be almost unique in a private collection. Another masterpiece is the 'Tribute Money' of Titian, considered one of the finest works of that master.

"The whole collection offered for the three days' sale consists of 157 pictures, with two small enamels by Petitot, being miniature likenesses of Turenne and Catinat, some bronzes of no great pretensions, a mosaic or two, and a piece of Gobelin tapestry. Of the 157 pictures 110 are of the Spanish school, 22 of the old Italian masters, and 25 of the Flemish and Dutch schools.

"When it was first announced that the Soult gallery was to be sold by auction, the effect produced in the world of art was so great, that it was at once seen how much importance was attributed to the dispersion of this collection. Although M. Bonnefons de Lavielle, the auctioneer, had allowed the collection to be viewed privately for ten days

before the sale, and had afterwards thrown it open to the world for three days more, it would really seem as if the curiosity of the public could never be satiated. The crowd which thronged the rooms on the three days of public view was so great as to render moving in it a work of labor, and on the last day of all a complete block-up took place more than once during the view.

"The sale was advertised to commence at 1 o'clock, but early yesterday morning notice was posted up about Paris, announcing that the hour had been changed to 2, and that the doors would not be opened until half-past 1 o'clock. In five minutes after the opening of the doors the three rooms in which the pictures had been exposed to view were crowded to inconvenience. Some little difficulty was even experienced in restoring order after the first great rush, and *sergens-de-ville* were obliged to interfere to cause such persons as had seats to preserve them quietly, and to prevent those who had none from pressing forward uselessly. Agents from the principal cities of Europe were said to be present, and a considerable number of ladies were to be seen in each of the rooms.

"At last, at 2 o'clock, M. Bonnefons de Lavielle read the conditions of the sale, and the first picture was brought forward, being a small sketch by Dormer, representing 'A Military Scene,' in which two soldiers are seen conversing. It was put up at 25*fr.* and sold for 175*fr.* Several other excellent paintings were sold, the particulars of which are not of much consequence.

"The small enamel miniature of 'Catinat,' by Petitot, was here put up, and excited great interest. It commenced at 1,500*fr.*, and went up to 1,800*fr.* A pause then ensued, but the bidding was resumed, and it was knocked down for 2,000*fr.* The other enamel, being the miniature of Turenne, brought the same price, both being purchased by the Duke de Galliera. The price was considered a third below the value. 'St. Ignatius delivered up to Lions,' a large Spanish picture, master unknown, most powerful in expression, but not agreeable to the eye, in consequence of the appearance of the body from the wounds inflicted on the saint by two large lions, only brought 450*fr.* 'Dead Game,' by Fyt, remarkable for brilliancy and truth of coloring, was sharply contended for. Two dogs, guarding the game, in particular, excited great admiration. This picture was knocked down for 2,050*fr.* 'Flowers,' by Labrador, an early Spanish painter, large size, brought 300*fr.* Portrait of a 'Venetian Nobleman,' by Tintoretto, a remarkably fine picture, only brought 500*fr.* The first Zubaran of the day was then brought forward, being a 'St. Appolina.' It was put up at 500*fr.*, and knocked down at 1,200*fr.* 'St. John in the Isle of Patmos,' by Paul de Legoto, an old Spanish painter, represents the apostle seated, and in the act of writing the Revelations—a fine picture, full of life and expression, 1,100*fr.* The 'Death of Dido,' by Thulden, reminding one of the style of Rubens, particularly in the naked body of the Carthaginian Queen, only brought 600*fr.* A small picture, by Tintoretto, representing 'Christ Dead,' and remarkable for the effect of light on the head and body, was knocked down for 550*fr.* A small 'Virgin and Child,' by Joseph Ribera, brought 650*fr.* The next picture, 'The Vision of St. John,' by Alonzo Cano, was sharply contested. This picture is well known by the engraving given of it in

Revoll's works. It is of small size, being 30 inches high by 14 in width, and represents an angel carrying St. John to the top of a lofty mountain to show him the heavenly Jerusalem. This picture is one of extraordinary beauty, it being difficult to say which is the finer, the angel or the apostle. It was put up at 1,000*l.*, and rose quickly to 6,000*l.* There then remained but two competitors, the Marquis of Hertford and the Duke de Galliera. The Marquis was at last declared the buyer for 12,100*l.* The next picture was also by Alonzo Cano. It represents 'the Vision of the Lamb,' and forms the second of a series of three, all of the same size, and relating to St. John. The apostle is seated on the right, and regards the lamb seated in the heavens holding the roll, the seven seals of which it has just broken. It is certainly a beautiful picture, but not so pleasing as the preceding, though quite equal to it in firm execution and truth of coloring. The Duke de Galliera was declared to be the purchaser for 2,550*l.* The last of the series, 'the Vision of God,' in which the Eternal Father is represented to St. John as descending from heaven, escorted by two archangels with outstretched wings, while the apostle looks on with ecstasy, was also knocked down to the Marquis de Galliera for 3,700*l.* 'A Virgin and Child, with St. John,' by Giovanni Bellini, brought 1,500*l.* The 'Marriage of the Virgin,' by the Spanish painter, Valdes Leal, a picture remarkable for its vigor of treatment, and of great size, only brought 600*l.*

"The order of sale was here interrupted, for the purpose of allowing the great pictures of the day, four in number, to be disposed of, the first of which was the 'Conception of the Virgin,' by Murillo, eight feet six inches in height, by three in width. This almost divine picture represents the Virgin in the act of being carried up to heaven. Her golden hair floats on her shoulders, and her white robe gently swells in the breeze, a mantle of blue at the same time falling from her shoulders. Groups of angels and cherubim of extraordinary beauty sport around her in the most evident admiration, those below thronging closely together, while those above open their ranks, as if not in any way to conceal the glory shed around the ascending Virgin. All the writers on the Spanish school of painting agree in declaring this to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Murillo; and never, perhaps, did that great master attain to such sublimity of expression and such magnificent coloring. The biddings fully responded to the high character of this great work.

"The first bidding was 150,000*l.*, but that price seemed so inadequate to the value of the picture, that offer after offer soon brought the price up to 400,000*l.* The three great competitors up to this point were the Marquis of Hertford, an agent for the Queen of Spain, and another agent for the Emperor of Russia. The biddings then continued with great spirit until they reached 500,000*l.*, when an involuntary round of applause burst out at that sum being reached. At 528,000*l.* a pause ensued, but the biddings were again resumed, and, almost without a check, the great price of 580,000*l.* was reached. Here the gentleman for Spain, who had apparently determined to have the picture, paused. He again, however, went on for a bidding or two more, when at last, on 586,000*l.* (£23,440) being offered by a gentleman in front of the auctioneer, the Spanish agent gave in,

and the picture was knocked down amid loud cheers of admiration at such a price being given. But this applause became absolute enthusiasm when it was ascertained that the purchaser was M. Nieuwerkerke, the director of the national museum. The crowd rushed forward, shaking him by the hand and cheering most heartily. The auctioneer then announced in due form that the purchase was for the Museum of the Louvre, and the cheers redoubled. In fact, the delight appeared universal, and it was several minutes before the sale could proceed.

"Two other Murillos, one 'St. Peter in Prison,' and the other 'Jesus and John, children,' were purchased by M. Thurneysen, the banker, for the Emperor of Russia, the price of the former being 151,000*l.*, and of the latter 63,000*l.* The 'Christ carrying his Cross,' of Sebastian del Piombo, was also purchased by the same gentleman for the Emperor of Russia, for 41,000*l.* It is well known that the late Marshal had refused 80,000*l.* for this picture.

"The order of the sale was then resumed, and 'a St. Ursula,' by Zurbaran, was sold for 1,100*l.*, and a 'St. Euphemia,' by the same master, for 1,600*l.*, the Duke de Galliera being the purchaser of both. A 'Virgin and Child,' by Guerchino, brought 2,450*l.*, and a 'St. Sebastian, aided by St. Irene,' from the pencil of Ribera, 3,100*l.* 'A Brigand stopping a Monk,' by Murillo, a remarkably fine picture of the first manner of that master, was knocked down for 15,000*l.*, the purchase being effected for the Soult family. Two pictures by Zubaran, belonging to a series which he had painted for the Convent of the Fathers of Mercy at Seville, and which represent episodes in the lives of 'St. Peter Nolasqua,' and 'St. Raymond de Pegnafor,' were sold each for 19,000*l.* to M. Deveau. 'Abraham offering Hospitality to the Angels,' a remarkably fine picture, by the Spanish painter Fernandez de Navaretta, surnamed 'El Mudo,' fetched 25,000*l.*, and a small portrait of that master, painted by himself, 1,250*l.*

"Another Murillo, representing 'Peasant Boys,' not in very good condition, was knocked down for 9,000*l.* 'St. Romain and St. Barnabas,' by Zurbaran, brought 5,700*l.* The last picture of the day's sale, 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' hitherto attributed to Murillo, but of late suspected not to be from the pencil of that master, only brought 1,100*l.*

"The above prices comprise everything sold during the day, the total of the money received amounting to 973,739*l.*, exclusive of the five per cent. additional paid for expenses."

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 6th.—ROBERT PURVIANCE, Esq., having been called to the Chair, the Secretary read his record of the proceedings at the last meeting, and the Assistant Librarian announced the following additions to the Library and Cabinet, made since his last report:—

From Jno. Etheridge—Navy Register U. S. for 1852, 1 vol.

B. D. Daniels, Esq.—Report of the Select Committee of the State Senate on a General Banking Law, 1 pamph.

Department of State, Washington—Executive Documents, 8 vols.; Senate Documents, 5 vols.; Senate Reports, 1 vol.; Senate Miscellaneous, 1 vol.; House Journal, 1 vol.; House Miscellaneous, 1 vol.; Reports of Com-

mittees, 1 vol.—of the second session of the Thirty-first Congress.

Geo. Peabody, Esq., London—Stevens's Historical Index to Papers in the State Paper Office in London, referring to the Colonial History of Maryland, 7 vols.

The Author—Mexico; Aztec, Spanish, and Republican, by Brantz Mayer, 2 vols.

Gen. Wm. S. Packer—Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, 7 vols.

Mercantile Lib. Soc.—Thirty-first Annual Report of the above Society, with supplement to catalogue, 2 pamph.

Wm. B. Buchanan, Esq., Va.—Report of Charles Ellett, Engineer, on the drainage of the Valley of the Mississippi, and other documents.

Thos. Hanson Belt, Esq.—Proceedings of Senate and House of Representatives of United States to the present time, over 100 vols.

Charles W. Hanson, Esq. (through Dr. Fon-erden), pamphlets written by his father, Alexander Contee Hanson—Political Schemes and Calculations, Annapolis, 1784, pp. 38; Considerations on the proposed Removal of the Seat of Government, Annapolis, 1786, pp. 62; Remarks on the Proposed Plan of an Emission of Paper, and the Means of Effecting It, Annapolis, 1787, pp. 48; Remarks on the Proposed Plan of a Federal Government, Annapolis, 1788, pp. 42.

TO THE CABINET.

Professor Forman—An Electrotpe Russian Medal.

GEO. W. BROWN, Esq., after calling the attention of the members to the elegant volumes forming a portion of the munificent contribution by George Peabody, Esq., of London, to the collections of the Society, read the following letters from the donor, accompanying the gift, and from Mr. Stevens, explanatory of the plan and object of the work:—

London, April 9th, 1852.

My Dear Sir,—I have been waiting the completion of part of the volumes of "Extracts from the Queen's State Paper Office, relative to the Early History of Maryland," to write to you in reply to your kind letter of the 19th November, but although seven of the volumes are forwarded, and the particulars from Mr. Stevens have been more than a week in my possession, my business engagements have been so overwhelming, that time has not permitted.

I inclose a letter addressed to me by Mr. Stevens, fully explaining the volumes that have been prepared and forwarded for the "Historical Society of Maryland," and will thank you to present the volumes accompanied by the letter to that Society in my name, and my best wishes for its continued prosperity and usefulness. I trust the remaining volumes will be finished without much delay, but you will see that I am in the hands of others, and cannot be held responsible for punctuality. If there is anything more that I can do that would be useful or agreeable to the Society, do not hesitate to name it.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

To Geo. W. Brown, Esq.

MORLEY'S HOTEL,
London, March 25, 1852.

To GEO. PEABODY, Esq.

My Dear Sir,—I have this day inclosed in a box to the Smithsonian Institution, the first portion of the "Historical Index of Maryland," which you many months since instructed me to prepare, at your expense, for the Maryland Historical Society. It is contained in seven handsome blue morocco, solander cases, with spring locks, and consists of nine hundred and

eighty abstracts of manuscripts illustrative of the Colonial History of Maryland. The abstracts are all dated and chronologically arranged, extending from 1633 to 1711. It is proposed to continue the work to 1783, or the end of the American Revolutionary War, and it is probable that it will extend to 1800 or 2000 titles, and fill 13 or 14 volumes. In each of the volumes now sent I have placed, at the end, twenty blanks, of uniform paper, on which the abstracts of documents hereafter discovered may be written, or in the place of which abstracts may be inserted. When the work shall be completed and the blanks removed, each volume will contain 160 titles, or 320 pages of thick paper. There is a key to each volume, and each key passes every lock, so that as many members of the Society as there are volumes may each possess a key. Though the abstracts extend, as I have said, from 1633 to 1711, yet many more documents relating to this period have already been discovered, and I wish you to intimate to your friends that if they at first feel a disappointment in not finding in the seven volumes papers relating to particular subjects, they will not at once conclude that such papers do not exist in the State Paper Office or elsewhere in England. All the abstracts sent are of papers in Her Majesty's State Paper Office. To each title is given the reference to the place or volume in which the corresponding document may be found, together with the character of such document; whether it be an *original*, an *entry*, a *draft*, or a *copy*; and in all cases the length of it, in the number of *folios*. A *folio* in the State Paper Office consists of 72 words, and the official regulated price for copying is four pence per *folio*. Besides having the abstracts made, I have obtained permission from the Foreign Office for having any or all of the papers copied. If a person in Maryland, therefore, wishes any single paper copied he may learn from the abstract the character of the contents, the date, the volume in which it is contained, its length in the estimated number of words, and the cost of transcribing. Some of the papers of which I have made abstracts, have already been printed, but I have thought it best to insert them, as there may be occasion to compare and verify copies.

Besides continuing the investigations to 1783, in the State Paper Office, I propose to include in the Index such printed Books as I know of, pertaining in any way to Maryland, and also to search the manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Library of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, the Library of the Bishop of London at Fulham, &c., &c.

When the whole shall be complete I propose to prefix a preface, explaining more fully than I can in this note, the technicalities of the Index, and with an essay upon the general and particular sources of Maryland History.

Great and unexpected delays have occurred since I commenced this work, for which I am exceedingly sorry; but they have been beyond my control. My friend Mr. Knezynski, who began the work, and on whom I could rely for carrying out my intentions to my taste, died after having made considerable progress, and it has been difficult to find another person to supply his place in the State Paper Office, as the work there must be done either by myself or by some regular clerk of the office. The work is now going on rapidly, and I hope by the middle of June, at the latest, to have it completed. I will hereafter send to the Smithsonian Institution the volumes as they are completed. I should have sent another volume to-day, had there been but a few more titles to fill it.

When the work is done, it may be thought best to print it. It would make two volumes

of the Historical Collections of the Society, and would be a most valuable acquisition to the Historical Literature of our country.

I hope to be in America this Fall, for a few months, and should it be the determination of the Society to print it, I should be most happy to superintend the work through the press, and verify the references, with which I am familiar.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours ever sincerely,

HENRY STEVENS, of Vermont.

Geo. Peabody, Esq., 6 Warrford Court, London.

The valuable donation from Mr. Peabody was, on motion, referred to the Committee on the Library, with instructions to report upon the same at the next meeting.

Messrs. Edward Hineley and Thomas Winans were elected active members.

Nathan H. Wise of Md., and J. Romeyn Brodhead of New York, were elected corresponding members.

On motion of J. MORRISON HARRIS, Esq., it was resolved—that the thanks of this Society are due to Thos. Hanson Belt, Esq., for the donation of over one hundred volumes of the Journals of Congress, received from him, which form a valuable addition to its Library.

BRANTZ MAYER, Esq., from the Library Committee, made the following report on the valuable collection of coins, recently received from Gen. Towson.

THE TOWSON CABINET OF MEDALS AND COINS.

The Committee on the Library of the Maryland Historical Society, to which was referred, for report, the donation of Coins and Medals recently made by General N. Towson, begs leave respectfully to state, that it has carefully examined the volumes containing this collection, and finds it to be one of great interest and value. There are—

Vol. 1.—4 Greek medals, from 300 B.C. to 400 B.C.; 2 Medals of the Roman Republic; 12 Coins of the Roman Empire from A.D. 14 to A.D. 235.

Vol. 2.—16 Roman Medals from A.D. 260 to A.D. 428.

Vol. 3.—4 Roman medals of the Lower Empire from A.D. 518 to A.D. 685; 5 Miscellaneous English Coins A.D. 1760 to A.D. 1788; 1 Portuguese A.D. 1714.

Vol. 4.—2 French Coins A.D. 1715 to A.D. 1774; 2 Spanish do. A.D. 1502 to A.D. 1665; 2 Burgundian do. A.D. 1665 to A.D. 1788; 1 Swedish do. A.D. 1719; 2 U. S. of America A.D. 1792, 1851.

Vol. 5.—4 Mahomedan Coins, Circassian Dynasty, A.D. 1356; 2 Mogul Empire A.D. 1681 to A.D. 1723; 2 Empire of Morocco A.D. 1786 to A.D. 1788; 6 Turkish Empire A.D. 1772 to A.D. 1803.

Vol. 6.—1 Papal Coin A.D. 1559; 2 Austrian Empire A.D. 1705 to A.D. 1780; 5 Portuguese A.D. 1706 to A.D. 1808; 5 Danish A.D. 1670 to A.D. 1721; 2 Danish American Colonies A.D. 1746 to 1808.

Vol. 7.—17 English Silver Coins from Edward 2d in 1350 to James 2d in 1686.

Vol. 8.—16 English Silver Coins from William and Mary in 1695 to George 4th in 1822.

Vol. 9.—7 French Silver Coins 1715 to A.D. 1742; 1 Holland A.D. 1738; 1 Dover A.D. 1689; 2 West Friesland A.D. 1632 to A.D. 1664; 1 Zealand A.D. 1760.

Vol. 10.—3 Prussian Silver Kingdom, A.D. 1786 to A.D. 1800; 1 Sardinian, A.D. 1727; 1 Burgundy under Spain, A.D. 1631; 1 Schleswig Holstein, A.D. 1682; 1 Florence, A.D. 1797; 2 Dukedom of Monaco, A.D. 1655; 1 Republic of Mexico, A.D. 1824; 2 Republic of Peru, A.D. 1828.

Vol. 11.—2 American Washington Medals, 1796, in silver; 1 American Silver Jefferson Medal, A.D. 1801; 1 American Silver Gen. Horatio Gates, A.D. 1777; 1 U. S. 8 Cent coin of 1851; 2 Massachusetts Shilling of 1652.

Vol. 12.—2 Silver French Medals (personal A.D. 1783, 1712, to Montgolfier and J. J. Rousseau; 1 English Silver Battle Culloden, 1746; 1 Swedish, commemorative of Gustavus Adolphus, a splendid specimen, 1632, in silver; 1 French Republic, An VI.; 1 Louis XVI., A.D. 1779; 1 Republic Chili, 1818.

Vols. 13 and 14.—22 Silver Medals of the French Kings, in a complete series, from Pharamond A.D. 428 to Childeric 752; 11 Silver Medals of French Kings, in series, from Pepin 752 to Louis IV. 954.

Vols. 15 and 16.—16 Silver French Medals, in series, from Lothaire 954 to A.D. 1322; 19 Silver French Medals in series, from Charles IV., in 1322 to Louis XVI., 1793.

Vols. 17 and 18.—24 Silver Medals of eminent Frenchmen, from A.D. 1517 to 1723; 1 Spanish Bronze Medal, A.D. 1778; 3 English Bronze Medals, A.D. 1727, 1789; 2 French Bronze Medals, A.D. 1792; 1 King of Etruria Medal, A.D. 1801.

It will be seen from this summary that the entire collection is comprised in nineteen volumes, numbering, in all, two hundred and fifty-one specimens, the larger portion of which are of silver, in fine preservation. General Towson's gift has been accompanied by printed copies of a *catalogue raisonné*, which he caused to be prepared by Mr. D. E. Groux, a very competent numismatist, of Washington, who has given a full description of each specimen. The coins and medals are firmly set or imbedded in strong boards, so as to exhibit the obverse and reverse of each object, through the glasses which cover both sides of the case, and protect the specimens from touch or injury.

The committee must express its extreme gratification at the receipt of so valuable an addition to the historical collections of our society. Our Cabinet was already quite rich in medals struck by our Government, in commemoration of the heroic deeds of military and naval officers. We possess many specimens of early colonial coinage, belonging to Maryland as well as other Provinces. Numerous coins and medals, ancient and modern, are also in our Cabinet; but we regret to say they have not hitherto been classified as carefully as their true worth requires. The Committee hopes that the example set by our distinguished colleague, General Towson, will not fail to induce members and friends of the Society to increase its stores, so that in a few years those who shall be charged with that department may find pleasure in arranging the whole collection chronologically, in order to render it available for the careful student of history.

The collection of medals and coins is not a mere antiquarian pursuit, suitable only for tasteful *virtuosi*, who delight more in the possession of curious or unique specimens than in their application to the true uses of chronology and illustration. Coins and medals are always necessary adjuncts of Books and Manuscripts in a Historical Society's Library. In some respects they are even more valuable, inasmuch as they are more permanent and authoritative in regard to what they are designed to perpetuate. They portray the physiognomy of Kings, Emperors, Statesmen, Heroes, Philanthropists, and Men of Letters. They depict manners, customs, arts, sciences, figures, and dress. They assure dates; and thus chronicle the most important events of the world on permanent but portable monuments. They commemorate virtue. By the beauty or worthlessness of their execution they denote the progress or decay of art. When struck in the precious metals they are honorable and

elegant memorials which are carefully cherished in families whose founders they celebrate; but, when wisely multiplied in bronze, their pecuniary value is too trifling to tempt their destruction, and their preservation is consequently assured. Thus it is, that the Greek and Roman coins and medals, lost or buried, are now often dug up after their sleep in the earth for ages, and serve historians like Gibbon or Vaillant, to unravel the intricate chronology of dynasties, and to resolve doubts that would have for ever puzzled students, but for a comparatively worthless bit of commemorative bronze.

The collection presented by Gen. Towson is valuable for many separate specimens of great rarity as well as beauty. It is, in truth, a numismatic gallery of many nations and various ages. The Library Committee would especially notice the very fine medal of Gustavus Adolphus, as an admirable specimen of minute and elegant art. But, for historical purposes, the unbroken series of French Silver Medals of sovereigns and illustrious men, from the Merovingian kings in 420 to the Bourbons in 1793, is, if we may be allowed to discriminate, the most valuable portion of the collection.

The Society, at its last meeting, voted resolutions thanking the distinguished donor for his acceptable offering. If this pleasing duty had not been already so well performed, the committee would have prepared a resolution commemorative of the valued gift, and offered it for the ratification of the Society. With more time to examine the collection, we are more satisfied of its great merit and utility. The Committee, therefore, finds itself forestalled in a portion of its duty on this occasion, and will simply content itself with recommending that it should be empowered to make provision for the safe keeping of these 19 volumes, and that our other numismatic collections should be placed in similar security.

In conclusion, the Committee on the Library cannot avoid expressing the hope that our National Government will give more attention than it has hitherto done, to this permanent mode of recording the meritorious fame of its distinguished citizens, for the example, instruction, or encouragement of posterity. War has heretofore, we believe, chiefly claimed our numismatic tributes. Science, literature, and the genial triumphs of Peace, should be equally commemorated. Medals stimulate Art, while they encourage merit. The diffusion of silver, bronze, or golden memorials among the learned Societies and State Institutions of our country, will foster a feeling of Nationality and Union, founded on the common property we all enjoy in the glory of our illustrious men.

BRANTZ MAYER,
Geo. Wm. Brown,
M. Courtney Jenkins,

Library Committee of the Md. Hist. Soc.

The Committee were instructed to make arrangements for the preservation of the volumes containing the coins presented by Gen. Towson.

On motion of Mr. HARRIS, the Library Committee was directed to take into immediate consideration the expediency of commencing a publication of the Society's collections; to digest a plan for such a publication; and to report upon the most efficient mode of raising a fund for its support.

The Society then adjourned.

S. F. STREETER, Secretary.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 1.—The President in the Chair.

The Librarian announced the receipt of three Mexican or Aztec sacred vessels, dug from the ruins of the Teocalli or Pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, with several specimens

of modern Mexican pottery, the donation of Dr. N. S. Jarvis, Surgeon U.S.A. at Fort Brown, Texas. Copies of original papers found among the effects of the late John Moore, were transmitted by Mr. T. W. C. Moore of this city; among them is a curious list of the prominent men of New York at the period of the Revolution, the writer having been a Royalist; classifying the names of Gouverneur Morris, the Lispenards, and others, and the heads of disaffected, doubtful, and loyal.

A paper was read by FREDERICK DE PEYS-TER, Esq., Vice-President of the Society, on the "Progress and Destiny of the United States." Briefly alluding to the early history of Rome and Great Britain, the author contrasted the causes of the growth and prosperity of nations with the measures which tend to their downfall. He predicted a continual increase in the United States in population, wealth, and power. With an area of 3,220,000 square miles, occupied by a population of nearly twenty-three and a half millions, with inexhaustible fields of iron and coal, and capable of bringing into action, in an emergency, a force of 2,000,000 armed men, this country is destined to become the great centre of Democratic influence in the approaching contest between Despotism and Liberty. The relations of England to the United States may yet become closer, and to this end the British journalists have already pointed out the possible operations of the civilized nations. In this connexion the author cited the language of the *London Times*.

The extent of the sea coast of the United States is not less than 5,000 miles. The Mississippi, late the frontier, has become the centre of the country. New York on the Atlantic, and San Francisco on the Pacific, may yet become the central points at which the commercial products of the world may be received and distributed. Even Japan may contribute her share to the general prosperity. The opening of the valley of the Amazon, as suggested by the recent able Memorial addressed to Congress, of Lieut. Maury, presents a brilliant prospect for the commercial growth of the United States. Mr. De Peyster gave this project his especial commendation, and quoted largely from the Memorial. In regard to the future extent and population of this country, the paper contains some interesting calculations. Judging from the annual rate of increase in past years, the United States will, in the year 1901, contain a population of one hundred and two millions, distributed over an ascertained area in the ratio of thirty-one to the square mile. And this prospective increase cannot be materially affected by the tide of immigration which flows in upon us. We find that the immigration from Europe in the period from 1790 to 1850, was only 4,350,934, an amount which, compared with our steady increase, cannot change the character of our people. In the most highly favored States of Europe, the rate of increase is, at most, one and a half per cent. per annum. In the United States, it is not less than three and a half per cent. From these premises, Mr. De Peyster argued with great plausibility of the future greatness of this country. The moral and physical superiority of the country, now and in the future, increased from year to year by the natural operations of the great principles upon which the fabric of our country rests, must place the United

States in the van of nations. These results are predicated upon the continuance of peace. Should we become embroiled with foreign powers, our resources, great as they are, would be severely taxed. Our Navy is small and ineffective, and needs enlargement and re-organization. Yet war may not menace us; and the speaker impressed the lessons taught by the experience of peace, as the truest wisdom and best policy of the country. He spoke in an enlarged and liberal tone of the relations of the United States to foreign nations, especially those struggling for liberty, to which not only our sympathy, but, if necessary, our aid and coöperation are to be awarded.

The usual vote of thanks was moved by Wm. K. STRONG, Esq.

Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, in seconding the motion, spoke in praise of the liberality of sentiment which had characterized the production to which the Society had just listened, and added a few eloquent remarks on the influence of the immigration to the United States. The antagonism between the elements of our National power, he observed, had changed since the period when this country was settled. When the Dutch settled in New York, the great political question in Europe lay between the Despotism of Southern Europe, headed by the House of Hapsburg, and the North of Europe, headed by Gustavus Adolphus. Things have undergone a change. Russia now represents Northern Europe, but in a totally different way, and the sword of Gustavus Adolphus is transferred to England and her daughter, and now the dispute is between the East and the West. We should cheer every appearance of enthusiasm and every response to the idea that England and the American Republic are essentially Free nations and committed to Free principles. Mr. Osgood adverted to the character of the Celtic and German immigration, each serving to preserve the balance which secures to the country the golden mean which is the secret of our prosperity. It is true that it may be objected that the Celt brings with him the impression of an Ecclesiastical absolutism—but the German, on the other hand, comes to us imbued with a sense of stern individuality. The two nations preserve the harmonies of our social and political system; and the Celt takes to the City, while the German goes to a farm. So products raised by the latter, find a market with the former. So, intellectually, the Celt preserves for us the learning of the ancient ages, while from the German race we derive much of culture, refinement, music, and the beautiful arts.

The Society transacted some miscellaneous business, and adjourned until October. —*Daily Times*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOUCHING THE ARTICLE.

MISFORTUNES never come single. After Webster, the Iconoclast, had made a certain degree of progress in demolishing superfluous letters from "a limited number of words," an equally aspiring reformer, whose name is lost to history, made an onslaught on superfluous words. He attacked the article. He pronounced the superfluous, as prefixed both by usage and euphony to the adjectives *reverend* and *honorable*. It was useless to argue with the fellow: he placed the matter out of the pale of argument, by declaring it to be a

matter of opinion; and, as a matter of opinion, he said *the*, in the instances cited, was superfluous. And by one of those periodical caprices on the part of the public, which every now and then brings common sense to the block—the thing took: and now, good writers allow themselves to follow a fashion that, to say the least, never originated in a respectable quarter.

The absurdity of this reformation can be seen by carrying out the principle. One man: or one person—he is as likely to have been a man-milliner as anything better—presumes to say that *the* is superfluous before *reverend* and *honorable*. Very good. Now I say that *reverend* and *honorable*, being adjectives, have no more right to this privilege of exclusion than any other adjectives; and I therefore say *the* is, in the following instances, equally superfluous.

At last annual meeting of the Blank Book Society, honorable Henry Clay took the chair, assisted by reverend Lyman Beecher and venerable John Quincy Adams. The office of secretary would have been filled by late Joseph Brown, but his decease disqualified him, and his place was supplied by officious John Smith. In the course of the evening eulogiums were pronounced on distinguished Louis Kossuth and notorious Monroe Edwards; a marked compliment was also paid to able historian Bancroft, discriminating philosopher Greeley, and learned professor Agassiz. But crack speech of the evening was honorable Mr. Seward's apostrophe to eminent astronomer and sound mathematician, Arago. His reference, episodically, to learned doctor Lardner was a brilliant hit. Profound logician Hopkins was not forgotten; and indefatigable traveller Stephens was remembered. Very clever artist Brackett was, in fact, only celebrity omitted. Further particulars in our next.

VARIETIES.

ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI; AND HIS WIFE MARGARET FULLER.

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,
But over thee, brave D'Ossoli! none, none.
After a longer struggle, in a fight
Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach
Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
Precious on earth to thee . . . a child, a wife!
Proud as thou wert of her, America
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high
Swell'd Woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
She would not leave behind her those she loved:
Such solitary safety might become
Others; not her; not her who stood beside
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
Of France and Perfidy assailed the walls
Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
Renowned for strength of genius, Margaret!
Rest with the twain too dear! My words are few,
And shortly none will hear my falling voice,
But the same language with more full appeal
Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains
Worthy to sing of thee; the hour is come;
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

London Examiner.] WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

PER CONTRA TO THE LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS (Ante p. 348).—In Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey is a curious passage relating to the English Quakers. There are many of this sect in Liverpool and its neighborhood, and at Liverpool Jeffrey, when he came to America some thirty years since, was detained a considerable time. Here he wrote a letter, from which the subjoined passage is taken:

"Did you ever hear that most of the Quakers die of stupidity—actually and literally? I was assured of the fact the other day by a very intelligent physician, who practised twenty years among them, and informs me that few of the richer sort live to be fifty, but die of a sort of atrophy, their cold blood just stagnating by

degrees among their flabby fat. They eat too much, he says, take little exercise, and, above all, have no nervous excitement. The affection is known in all this part of the country by the name of the *Quaker's disease*, and more than half of them go out so."

In this country we never hear of the Quaker's disease; on the contrary the denomination of Friends are remarkable for their longevity. Is it because in this country the mental excitement to which the majority of the population are subjected, is too great for health, while among the Quakers it is kept just at the healthful point? In England, where life is not worn out, as here, in the eager and restless pursuit of fortune, it may well be that a more quiet and apathetic state of mind than is common among the people of that country, will be positively unwholesome to the body. Life may stagnate for want of that play of the emotions which is given to keep its machinery in due action; it may go out like a lamp in foul air for want of a breeze to sweep away the damps.—*Evening Post*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE observe that Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA, of Philadelphia, will publish in a few days, from "early sheets," the "Lectures on Ancient History," of the celebrated Niebuhr, enriched with notes and observations by the translator, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. The historian is said to have anticipated in a remarkable manner many of the most striking discoveries which have been recently made with respect to Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt; and scholars will doubtless be eager to see applied to other nations of antiquity, especially to Greece, the system of close analytical criticism which has so completely revolutionized our views of the history of Rome.

Our late English papers mention the recent death of Mrs. Sara Coleridge, daughter of S. T. Coleridge, and wife of his nephew, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, by whom the task of editing Coleridge's works was undertaken and prosecuted until his death, when he was succeeded in it by Mrs. C. She was a woman of decided intellectual ability, and of profound scholarship and varied accomplishments. The latest edition of the "Biographia Literaria" was prepared by her, and contains a great amount of matter, critical and biographical, from her pen. The great fault in her writing grew out of her inordinate ambition to vindicate her father's opinions, as well as character, upon all points, and in reply to all attacks. She entered, accordingly, into very elaborate refutations of malicious and ill-natured criticisms long since forgotten, and seemed equally ready to defend sentiments and expressions which Coleridge himself would have unquestionably been the first to abandon or disavow. She always wrote with manifest ability, and with a degree of learning scarcely less wonderful in one of her sex than that by which her father was so much distinguished. We believe that one son, Rev. Derwent Coleridge, is now the only remaining representative of that remarkable family.

A new and complete edition of the Works of Coleridge is announced as in the press of the HARRIS. We understand that it will be issued in six or eight handsomely printed volumes, under the editorial supervision of Prof. Shedd, of the University of Vermont.—*Daily Times*.

Bentley announces "My Life and Acts in 1848-1849," by General Georgey, written by himself. The work will be reprinted here by Messrs. PHINNEY & Co., Buffalo.

Mr. T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia, has in press a novel by Mrs. Grey, named "The Gipsy's Daughter;" and "Videa; or, Adventures South and West."

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